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Gumbo

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## GUMBO

*by Kevin Young*

How the stomach, starved,  
spits out food—

ballooned—is how  
I love you. Too

much. And all  
over Africa the locusts

move in, un-  
invited, and eat

up everythang.  
Dear, I needs

a benefit  
concert! Some star

stud affair. Send  
food soon—

this regime  
must end. Child,

I have left only  
skin—an old

unstirred soup's—

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